THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDWARD DEACON, GEORGE PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ SEE 4TH PAGE FOR TERMS TO CLUBS AND PROSPECTUS OF NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1705.

Choice Poetry.

I'M GROWING OLD.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

My feet pace pleasantly away;
My nights are blessed with sunshine sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay,
Thank God, I'm young as ever!

My form is limber and my eye
Is bright as any boy's, I'm sure;
My friends are neither blind nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I am growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for musty news,
My growing modesty to depart,
My growing love of solitude and shoes,
My growing fear of raising cash,
All tell me, in the plainest voice,
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff,
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes,
I'm growing cautious in my laugh,
I'm growing deeper in my sighs,
I'm growing careful of my corns,
I'm growing frugal of my gold,
I'm growing tame, I'm growing lame—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing hair,
I see it in my shaking feet,
I see it in my growing wrist,
I see it in my growing beat,
A downward taste prevents the truth,
A plain or trash who ever told,
That, even in my youthful days,
I'm growing old!

Oh, no! my very breath breathe
The balm of my increasing years,
And truer feels the heart beneath
Which throbs as slower to the ear—
Firm Fluttery'd would the sketch delight,
And tells me to "Keep young as we"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the mean, whose equal flight
My aesthete sense can ne'er attain,
Thanks for the glasses of golden light
That tint the darkness of the wings,
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions on high,
Where all are blest, and none may weep,
I'm growing old!

Original Novelet.

MARK, THE SEXTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
Author of "Home Pictures," "The Sister's Mission," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

Rousing my head mechanically upon my hand, I asked myself what I should do. If the examining committee saw fit to elect me to the profitable and important office, and I was to be rewarded by one dollar than myself, it was useless for me to stand in the family of my rector. I should be happier then among strangers. But if it was to involve a new source of anxiety to me, and a new cause of self-reproach, and to render my own sphere of improvement limited to a degree, I felt that I could not accept my abode in some good, private boarding-house, characteristic of the place, and of myself, and pouring out her agony in bitter groans and lamentations, which I could hear from which I could not shut out. But he was gentlemanly, and after all had few of the characteristics of the class described. He loped a little, but that was a natural defect which he evidently strove to hide, and he had no drawl, though he appeared to use a little affected and theatrical. Still I was much better pleased with his tone than with the tall dandy.

Once during the day Lucy called me into her room. She sat alone, with a letter in her hand.

"Look," she said, "I have left my baking to read this, and I am in great trepidation. I begin to believe in the old adage, 'A letter never comes alone.'"

I sat down, admiring my cousin in her neat dress, with sleeves rolled up to the white shoulder, and her large linen apron sprinkled with flour.

"You look so blooming and pretty," I said.

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"Do you know," she said, once, meditating her voice as she turned to me, "that I did not play these airs myself?"

"Indeed," was my answer, if answered at all, and I am inclined to doubt it, for I was in a sort of amazement at everything she said and did.

"No—they were dictated and played by a sylph-like creature. As to the memory, if I seat her there, she is such an impulsive and impressible creature, that she would be distracting at once as a sister, perhaps in time as a wife. But I hope it's made up to 'em in the next."

"I hope so, indeed," I sighed, "but look! here comes the chaise with the two old folks' baggage, imperial hearts following after the immense trunk and the stricken mourner. Strange extremes."

I had not seen them thrown my bonnet off, and, shaking my curls back from my face, had looked, and each a scene of wild confusion, of laughing, sparkling, thoughtless life!

CHAPTER V.

Miss Victorine was first introduced, a large-eyed, haughty looking girl, with a mass of glossy black hair twisted in one coil of her head, and fillet of the same, and the spaniel's head fitted the large pitcher to my bedroom with room, intending to make them into bracelets while Lucy and Hilary were at dinner over, I saw them roll in their stylish carriage to the door, and I looked down from the house, and go cantering down the gentle declivity. And there I sat, indulgingly lying in my room, and speculating on the future of fields that lay in sloping beauty on the sides of the brown hill, and the tangled vine and the weed, winsomely bending in and fro; some times at an open French enclose by my side.

I heard Lucy's merry voice talking with Jane Eugene one bonnet; with a roll of papers under his arm, I thought, and then I saw it was the minister, and I knew that the arrival. He was her uncle's school, and Lucy, with her friends, would not be in time to welcome him. The delicious repose of nature invited me forth on one hand, and the gaiety and the spirit of my little room, roused my stay at home. My resolve was quickened by a solemn chime, wandered to God's house, and I rose and put on my things, I threw on bonnet and shawl, and turned my steps in the direction of the old meeting-house, from the steeple of which issued the sounds of mourning.

It was not a long walk, and I was quickly there. I had not noticed in the distance behind me a trifling hearse and carriage coming slowly along. The little church yard had no gate. It was only guarded by two cross bars placed horizontally on the top of a wooden post, and the rail had been cut and hacked by innumerable knives of restless Yankee school boys. It was a pleasant, quiet, soothing place, and I walked slowly along the mossy paths, now brown and rotting, and I stopped and read the names on the old gray stones, mossy and broken, and once I sprang back with a scream, for I had very nearly walked into an open grave. It was a secluded nother, where a few solid coats had been thrown and tossed. The spade rested against the single heap, now almost naked of leaves, and the pick lay by its side. There I stood and mused, and wondered who they were going to put down there. "Oh! that cold, cheerless place—that final home!" I thought; "it is impossible that some day those limbs now throbbing with life must lie in such a home, with stock a roof to cover them on this?" and I looked up to a light that fresh heaped mound beside me. At that moment I was startled by low voices and weeping. I saw a little group coming towards me; they filled up the path; I could not return, so I drew back against the fence. I knew that they must figure—I could not mistake him, though he was bending over addressing the poor, tottering creature, who hung, nervelessly almost, upon his arm.

On they came, and I shrank further back. She was not even decently clad, for her black dress was threadbare, and her black bonnet bonnet and bent. A pair of tattered gloves covered her hands, and a rusty veil hung from her bonnet. And Mark, with his face cold of friendship, and ministerial looking cloak, guided her along as carefully as if she were his sister or. When she stumbled he caught her, and his voice was low, his manner soothing. Then he held her, still as if she were a child, while into the silent room brought for ward a neat coffin, and set it down opposite the grave.

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It was not a long walk, and I was quickly there. I had not noticed in the distance behind me a trifling hearse and carriage coming slowly along. The little church yard had no gate. It was only guarded by two cross bars placed horizontally on the top of a wooden post, and the rail had been cut and hacked by innumerable knives of restless Yankee school boys. It was a pleasant, quiet, soothing place, and I walked slowly along the mossy paths, now brown and rotting, and I stopped and read the names on the old gray stones, mossy and broken, and once I sprang back with a scream, for I had very nearly walked into an open grave. It was a secluded nother, where a few solid coats had been thrown and tossed. The spade rested against the single heap, now almost naked of leaves, and the pick lay by its side. There I stood and mused, and wondered who they were going to put down there. "Oh! that cold, cheerless place—that final home!" I thought; "it is it possible that some day those limbs now throbbing with life must lie in such a home, with

return to h——. If I am, I shall go just where the Board of Admissions advises me."

"And that will be to Mark, the sexton!" said Lucy, with a peculiar smile, "for the teachers have already boarded there, though, fortunately, some have been so prompt as to provide for themselves. But, you see, Mark has the best location in town—and, oh, the gentlemanly air of study, besides plenty of homemade. Still, I don't look like it, either; I had depended upon having such a good, quiet time in your society."

"Quiet," I returned, "anything but quiet for you, cousin Lucy, with all these mad-caps about you. Just listen. I think they are waking whoever is playing is certainly an admirable performer."

"And reminds me!" exclaimed Lucy, springing to her feet, "that we're going to have a dance this evening, the doctor is passionately fond of dancing; isn't he a splendid looking fellow? Did you ever know that I was engaged to him? You think I'm candid, for I wouldn't give my Hilary's little finger for his whole body, beauty, fortune and all."

The next quarter of an hour I passed in the parlor, thoroughly enjoying the music, and charmed by the graceful dancing of the fairy May, who, springing back and forth, shook her yellow curls till they glittered like pearls in the gas light. Victorine performed scientifically, beautifully. At times she shut her eyes, and trooped of wild notes came warbling from her open mouth, and she looked as if she were in a trance.

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SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $3, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5, in advance, one copy is sent three years. We have no traveling agents. The Post is sent by mail to subscribers at the above terms.

Clubs may be formed at the following rates, payable in advance, and the Post sent by mail to the Post Office, postage free:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$12 00 Per Annum
8 " " " - - - -	24 00 " "
10 " " " - - - -	30 00 " "
15 " and one to the getter up of the Club, - - - -	45 00 " "
20 " and one to the getter up of the Club, - - - -	60 00 " "

Postmasters are requested to act as agents for the Post. Specimen numbers sent gratis to obtain subscribers. Letters on business, or for subscription, paid for, or we have to prepay the United States postage.

Agents on Commission.—Any person having got the subscription, or has to forward the money, and we will send it to the order first, provided the terms of the Post are complied with. Address, always, the name of the Post Office, the County, and the State for which the paper is to be sent.

Remittances.—Remittances may be made at our risk in bank notes of all solvent banks. Gold and silver coin should never be sent by mail, unless the letter containing it is registered at the Post Office.

The Money Sent.—Those sending us money to subscribe for the Post, or for any other purpose, will be governed by the following rule: The money sent will be credited on the Post-Office book to the time it will pay for. Thus, if $3 is sent, it will be credited to the end of the year for which it pays. If $5 is sent, it will be credited three years from the time it pays. If $12 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent. If $24 is sent, it will be credited two years for each dollar sent. If $30 is sent, it will be credited two years and a half for each dollar sent. If $45 is sent, it will be credited three years for each dollar sent. If $60 is sent, it will be credited four years for each dollar sent. If $15 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and one copy to the getter up of the Club. If $20 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and one copy to the getter up of the Club. If $30 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and two copies to the getter up of the Club. If $45 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and three copies to the getter up of the Club. If $60 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and four copies to the getter up of the Club. If $75 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and five copies to the getter up of the Club. If $90 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and six copies to the getter up of the Club. If $105 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and seven copies to the getter up of the Club. If $120 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and eight copies to the getter up of the Club. If $135 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and nine copies to the getter up of the Club. If $150 is sent, it will be credited one year for each dollar sent, and ten copies to the getter up of the Club.

Postage.—The postage on the Post is 26 cents a year, payable quarterly in advance at the office where received.

Back Numbers.—Persons wishing back numbers will please state when they subscribe, as we have only a few over the regular issue.

Change of Residence.—Persons changing their residence will please state the Post Office to which they have been receiving the paper, as well as the one to which they wish it sent.

Post-Masters are requested to act as agents for the Post, and to call the attention of persons to our terms.

Post-Masters are authorized to frank letters containing remittances to us.

Specimen numbers sent gratis to obtain subscribers.

Letters on business, or for subscription, must be paid, or we have to prepay the postage.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith

SATURDAY...

VENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Dublin papers to the 11th inst., and from Queenstown to the 12th inst.

Affairs were mostly quieting ground, the Fenians and the Government maintaining an unbroken front. Arrests were frequent, and a number of suspicious characters were taken into custody.

Many persons supposed to be the dupes of the leaders had returned to the steps to leave the country.

The Emperor Napoleon narrowly escaped assassination on the evening of the 25th ult. Two persons fired into his carriage as it was passing the Opera House, but without effect. Personal rewards were the only objects.

The reconstruction of Sebastopol had made great progress, and had not yet received the control of the Allies.

The position of the Allies was regarded as fair, notwithstanding the advantages gained by the Russians, and the prospects of a speedy peace were encouraging. It is said 60,000 troops were daily transported.

Telegraphic communications with the Crimea had been established, and the correspondents were at liberty to go where they pleased. They continue with the news.

Reports of the Russian losses, exhibit their demoralization and do not produce the results which the Allies had looked for.

The Allies in hot haste.

Reinforcements to England in the shape of militia regiments continued to arrive.

Lord Lyons, Lord Russell and Baldwin, the Premier, had visited the Crimea, and a portion of the Allies try to penetrate the interior and cut off the supplies of the enemy, by which it is said to be the design to compel a surrender.

Military movements are constantly taking the Allies.

The French reserve of 80,000 men, now under arms, are expected to be sent to the Crimea.

Lord John Russell had reached London, and Baron de l'Haya had arrived in Paris from Vienna.

The British Budget had passed both Houses of Parliament.

The King of Prussia was ill of fever.

The Government of Austria and the Kossuthites seemed to be at a standstill.

Cholera continued to prevail in the Levant, and extensively repaired, while the Russian fleet was in quarantine.

It had been examined by the garrison from the forts in the Bay, and was found to be in good condition. The squadron, 34 caballeros officers, 1,700 men.

The Fenian Brotherhood in Ireland had met on the night of the 17th ult., after a private examination of which it was decided, the field officer in command, was killed. On the 18th it was said that the arrests of Head Centre rode pell, when it was almost unanimously elected.

According to the statements of Polish deserters, there were 50,000 soldiers in the city of Sebastopol, 60,000 of whose arrived from Simferopol.

Gladstone, the Commissioner, had left for the forts on the North side of the harbor to make a survey in the steamer, and visited the Star in the Albion every day.

The Lottery at Tuscany, Italy, which was to be sold at the Grand Duke's Palace, was postponed.

The Pope had received a present of a gold watch from Mexico.

The Russian Legation in Constantinople, had returned to Constantinople.

Cholera was raging in Russian cities.

Mrs. Carmichael reports blizzards to ready for the spring operations, which are to be carried on with great vigor.

Liverpool, May 12.—On Wednesday night Fenian meetings were held throughout the Liverpool works of the Quarantine Station, carried them of the Fenian Brotherhood, by twelve mortars, and establishing themselves in the vicinity of the Government works.

Dublin, May 11.—The Fenian Brotherhood

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

A FAMILY JOURNAL.

TERMS, &c.

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THE HIGHER LAW.

The following is an extract from a recent speech by Senator Hunter, of Virginia, reported in the "Richmond Enquirer" for April, from which we extract the following:

> Again to their names—and willing to own that the law of God is superior to any human law, still I cannot stand here, and, in the face of my country, assert that that is to be disobeyed by me which I have sworn to support. Whenever the conflict comes between the two, then disobedience may result. Disobedience, however, implies no resistance; implies submission, or else it would be rebellion. Disobedience, however, does not involve the penalties visited upon those who resist.
>
> Submission to particular laws never should involve the sacrifice of principle. Upon this principle depends the whole existence of government, and especially of our Federal Government. Our forefathers broke the law, and threw the tea into Boston Harbor, because they had determined to resort to Revolution, rather than submit to such unwarrantable encroachments of Parliament.
>
> Rebellion is based upon the idea of right. If the Law of the State was Supreme, there never would be a justifiable and righteous Revolution. But the Law of Nature is based upon the fact that the Law of the State must be subordinate to the Law of God. Hence, the Declaration of Independence, in which God and the same time, the right of Revolution.
>
> The Rebel Soldier may escape by men in the North, but he will be hung, if Washington, and Jefferson, and Henry, and Madison, and Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Webster, and Clay, and Calhoun, and Lee, and Jackson, and Taney, and Curtis, and Campbell, and Benjamin, and Crittenden, and Douglas, and Cushing, and Black, and Stanton, and Holt, and Dix, and Chase, and Grier, and Wayne, and Nelson, and Field

SATURDAY

VENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1854

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Allies were steadily gaining ground, and the Russians were losing it. Another great battle was fought, and the Russians were defeated, and very grievously.

The Russians are reported to the siege to have been reinforced.

Prince Napoleon narrowly escaped capture on the evening of the 30th ult.

The Russians have made a road to Sebastopol which will enable them to send 50 tons per day to the front.

The garrison of Sebastopol had much suffered from cold and consequent sickness and disease.

The position of the Allies was regarded as most unsatisfactory, the advantages gained by the recent Russian repulse being more than counterbalanced by the reinforcements received.

Telegraphic communications with the Crimea had been established, and would be in very successful operation in a few days.

The Russians had destroyed their outer line of defences and had spiked the guns of the forts.

The Russians had been reinforced by 50,000 men, and had not yet received the full force which they intended to send.

The Russians were in England in great force, and were buying up all the provisions they could find.

Both the Russians at Sebastopol and the Allies were in a very unsatisfactory condition, and the latter were in great need of provisions.

The Russians had been repulsed in their attempt to storm the fortifications of Eupatoria.

The Russians had received large reinforcements, and were preparing to attack the Allies.

The Russians had been defeated in their attempt to storm the fortifications of Eupatoria.

The Russians had been reinforced by 50,000 men

Selected Poetry.

THE SEASHORE.

Selected Articles.

MATTERS IN THE MOON.

BEVERAGES.

As the warm summer is near at hand, when our appetites will naturally require some beverage that is satisfying and agreeable when chilled, I wish to give to the farming readers of the Cultivator a few recipes for making beverages, some of which I know from experience to be excellent for the purpose. The first is known by the name of CIDER WINE, and its powers are absolutely irresistable; they are to the temperance man what a mad dog is to the liver, kidneys, gentleman, &c., and if the people would use them generally, they would immediately put a stop to the making of whiskey. They are cool at a very high price in the Spring-time, and are very easily got at to be used. Sometimes, therefore, it is essential that we should know how to make them at first cost, which is twenty cents per gallon. Take cider, making use powder, and any number can be made. Take of cider, as much as required; to each gallon, add, if sweet, 2 pounds; if sour, 1 pound of sugar. Dissolve the sugar in a little cider, in one pint, then dissolve it in another pint of cider, throw them together, and drink it at once. The sugar is to be added, as it makes for weighing each small quantities, I will say, that one teaspoonful of the salts will answer for one gallon of cider. It will be especially for two scruples of soda, and about a teaspoonful of tartaric acid for thirty-five grains of soda.

The next is cider it, what I shall call a moderated beverage, which is certainly a very agreeable and healthy beverage for the summer season. It is made as follows: Take of cider one pound; tartaric acid, a quarter of an ounce; essence of lemon, thirty drops; water, three quarts. Mix any quantity, for more or less can be made by the same rule. There are no less than three white sugar, but I like brown sugar as well. Then can a lemonade is considered without the use of lemons, which are objectionable for some, in that case use lemon fruits, without much trouble or expense. Take of tartaric acid, one scruple; tartaric acid of grains. Dissolve the salts and soda together in one pint, then dissolve in another pint of cider, throw them together, and drink at once, rubbing it in the animal's teeth. There are no rules for weighing such small quantities, I will say, that one teaspoonful of the salts will answer for one gallon of cider. It will be especially for two scruples of soda, and about a teaspoonful for thirty-five grains of tartaric acid